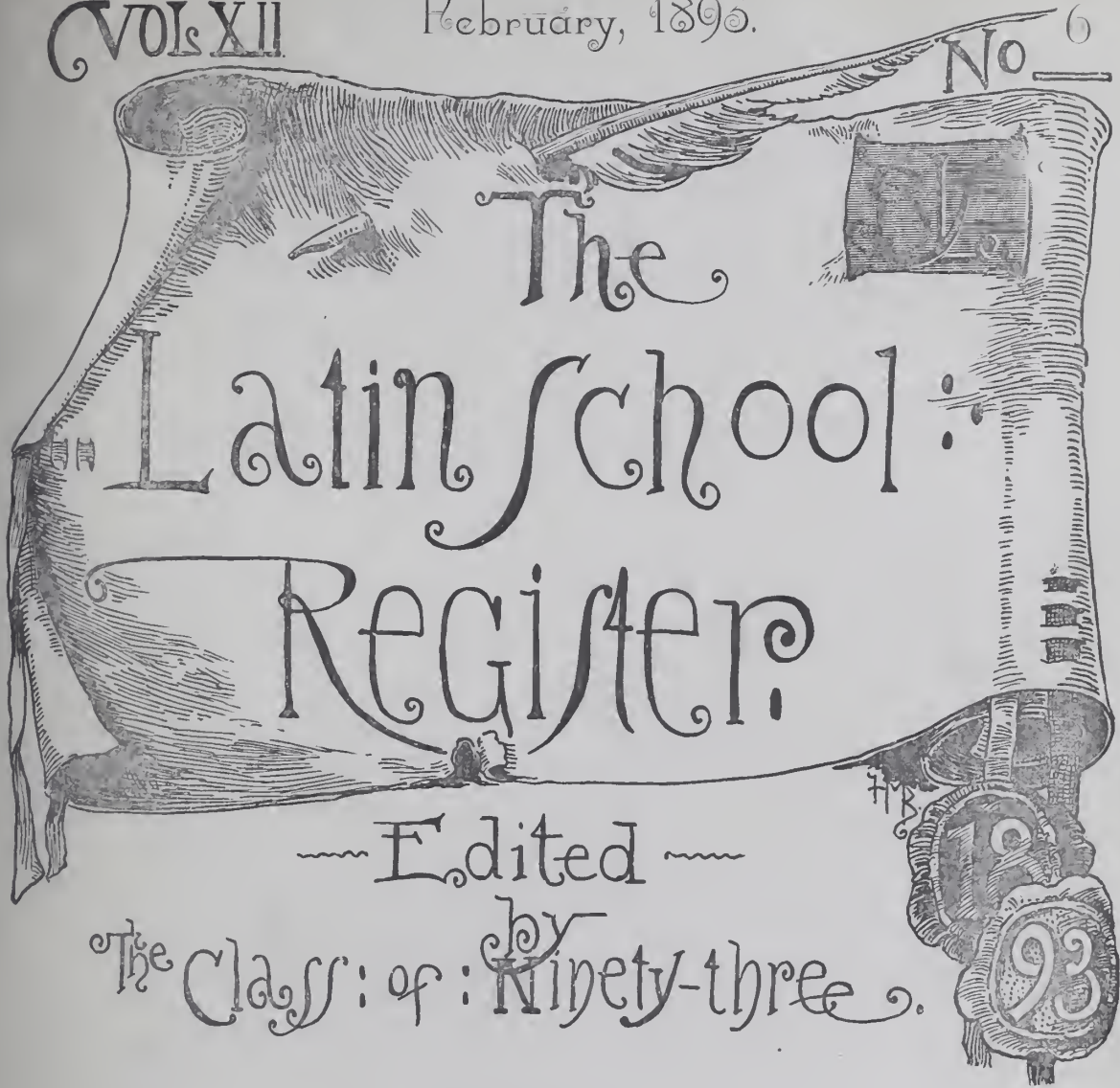


VOL. XII

February, 1895.

No. 6



The
 Latin School:
 Register.

— Edited —
 by
 The Class of Ninety-three.

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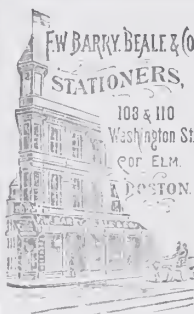
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# LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER.

VOL. XII.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1893.

NO. 6.

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## EDITOR'S DESK.

OUR Exhibition Hall was filled to overflowing on the morning of Feb. 21st by the "appreciative" public. And, if they came expectant, they went away pleased, we may be sure.

### ORDER OF EXERCISES.

#### PART I.

1. Piano Solo, National Airs.  
MR. C. J. CAPEN.
2. Reading, Washington's Farewell Address.  
W. H. VINCENT.
3. Recitation, "The Little Hero."  
F. P. GAY.
4. College Song. "Mrs. Craigin's Daughter."  
L. F. SISE AND CLASS OF '93.
5. Class Oration, By R. W. Sprague, Jr.  
T. L. ROBINSON.
6. Trio. Nazareth.  
MR. C. J. CAPEN, Piano. D. D. SCANNELL, Violin.  
S. E. HECHT, 'Cello.

#### PART II.

1. Recitation. "The Victor of Marengo."  
R. B. SPRAGUE.
2. Class Poem  
E. E. SOUTHARD.
3. Class Song, { Music by D. D. Scannell.  
{ Words by C. D. Drew.  
F. P. GAY AND CLASS OF '93.
4. Class Prophecy,  
R. W. SPRAGUE, JR.
5. Address by Rev. Dr. Philip S. Moxom.

The spirited rendering of the "National Airs" was never more heartily cheered than upon that day. And many may be the future Washington's Birthday Celebrations that may be ushered in, in the same inspiring way! The reading of Washington's Farewell Address is often looked on as a bore and is wearily awaited and uneasily heard. To clothe a perfunctory form with freshness and novelty is

therefore most praiseworthy. We congratulate our class mate on his success. Not to speak in detail of each number, we will say that the two recitations were warmly and deservedly cheered; while the care taken by the committee in having these recitations of a widely different character is also to be praised. We heard several sharp youngsters say of the College Song, "How funny!" But we think the music was the best feature of this number. Though you may appreciate the literary merit of the oration by reading it in another column, you must have been present to understand the clearness and force of its delivery. The Trio was a slower piece of music than is usual on such occasions. But we question whether the effect upon the audience was not as deep as a lighter piece would have made. One must have been very unmusical not to have had snatches of the air running in one's head all through the intermission.

One of the younger members of the school wanted to know whether the ostensible Class Poem was poetry or not; he, for his part, didn't hear any rhymes! Alas! Alas! There were rhymes enough in the Song, however, and not only rhymes but meaning, also. And the strong and manly voices of the CLASS OF '93 (in large capitals, you see) set off with great effect the swinging music. It will be long before our songster hears the last of his *tenuis aena*. The long-robed and hoary astrologer, who appeared in citizen's clothes for this day only, was hailed and farewelled with a storm of applause. There is doubt, however, whether his points, though clear to the class, would have been understood by outsiders, if it had not been for Mr. Jackson's dashing drawings. Dr. Moxom was hurriedly obtained by Dr. Merrill in place of Rev. Leighton Parks as down in the programme. As Mr. Parks was to have spoken on Phillips Brooks, Dr. Moxom spoke on the great Bishop, in words of inspiration which sink deep into the hearts of all present.

## CLASS SONG OF '93.

Six years have gone since first our class  
 To this great school was come,  
 And rapidly the time did pass  
 Till finally the sun  
 Of quickening years has led our way  
 To Room 12's sacred walls :  
 There may we stay, full many a day,  
 Until we leave these halls.

*Chorus.* ἀείδωμεν, Gesellen tous,  
 And glory may we bring  
*Ad scholam hanc, so dear à nous,*  
 Whose praises now we sing.

With Cæsar many wars we've fought,  
 With Cicero we've plead,  
 With Virgil Latium have we sought  
 Till Turnus brave was dead.  
 With Xenophon afar from home  
 We've many dangers passed :  
 And now round windy Ilium  
 We're safely camped at last.

*Chorus.* *Hæc studia νέους τρέπει*  
*καὶ γῆρας oblectant,*  
*Adversas res παρακαλεῖ*  
*Secundas res ornant.*

In Algebra we've all done well,  
 For none his hour lost ;  
 Great Euclid's problems have we solved,  
*Pons asinorum* crossed ;  
 The past three years we've "*parlez-vous'd,*"  
 In German now we speak ;  
 In English, Physics, History,  
 More knowledge still we seek.

*Chorus.* Same as that of 2nd verse.

And now, O school of ours, farewe'll,  
 Adieux to all we bring :  
 As on to College soon we go,  
 Our farewell song we sing.  
 As each his place and duty takes,  
 We hope the world will see  
 Some good in us, and not forget  
 Our class, dear '93.

*Chorus.* Same as that of 1st verse.

CHARLES D. DREW, '93.

## CLASS ORATION.

CLASSMATES, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN :—The graduating class of the Boston Latin School is pleased and gratified to see so many friends of the old school present to-day to assist in the annual celebration of the birthday of the father of his country.

In the name of the class of '93, and in the name of the Latin School, we bid you welcome and extend to you our heartiest greetings.

While most of you are here to-day through personal reasons, some because of your interest in the members of the school and particularly of the graduating class, others, because you have taken this opportunity to renew the pleasant memories of your stay within these walls and of the many hours spent by you in laying here the foundation of your higher education, yet do not stifle the thought which to-day should be uppermost in the minds of all Americans, the thought of him whose birthday we are celebrating, of George Washington, the first American.

What an example of patriotism, of self-sacrifice, of unswerving devotion to his country and his God, does George Washington present to the young men of America ! Who of us can think upon his name without feeling himself inspired by his glorious life ?

With the thought of Washington must always be coupled the thought of the country whose independence and liberty he was the foremost to secure.

Oh, that he were present here to rejoice with us to-day in the glory, the strength, the power of our nation,—power not in the force of arms, but power to lead the nations of the world to a higher and grander existence and to shape the destiny of the universe.

How he would glory in our greatness ! How he would exult in the future before us ! How he would tremble lest we should be unable to cope with it ! How earnestly he would exhort the coming generation, the graduates of our schools and colleges, to fit themselves to meet the responsibility which soon will fall upon them,—the responsibility of shaping the future of this country. How he would exhort them to strive to fulfil the greatest and highest duty of

every American—to become honorable, upright, self-sacrificing citizens, respecting the rights of their fellow-men, and making common cause with them for the advancement of their country.

This day has a double significance to the graduating class of the Latin School. To-day we honor the memory of Washington in our hearts as well as with our lips, but, in the methods of this school, the 22nd of February is also the day on which we speak our word of love and honor for the dear old Latin School. It is our class-day.

To-day, perhaps, for the first time, we realize the short space we have to spend within these walls, under the fostering care of the school we have learned to love and reverence as our guide in the paths of education.

As we look back over the years we have passed here, how short they seem! How much more we might have accomplished! How many precious moments we have wasted. How many opportunities, which may never occur again, we have let idly slip through our hands. How many gems of knowledge we have lost, which we can never secure unless by our own strenuous efforts without the aid of those instructors who have led and guided us for so many years.

Soon we are to leave our old school and seek larger fields,—at first in the college and then in the world. In the college we shall have a wider range for the intellect, but if we have but loosely laid the foundation of our education here in the preparatory school we may suddenly find that the structure which we supposed had been founded on a rock has been built upon a quicksand, which, despite our struggles to free ourselves from its fast embrace, will either prevent us from gaining a stand upon the firm ground and keep us mired with the baser minds of the world, or perhaps engulf us entirely.

Let us therefore resolve to perform hereafter each duty, no matter how small it may seem, and to conquer each difficulty as it presents itself, in order that, when we leave the college to make our way amidst the struggle and crush of the world, we may stand with no hindrances to hold our feet from the path before them.

Above all let us endeavor to be upright, honorable men, whose lives may be fit examples for the generations to come after us. Let us strive

to guide ourselves by the lives of those noble graduates of our own old school, of Franklin, Sumner, and of Phillips; by the example of Phillips Brooks, whose death America and the world have not yet ceased to mourn. Let us not be men working for ourselves alone, striving to gain our own personal advancement, but let us be men like these, broad-minded, forgetful of self, devoted to humanity, leaders of thought, leaders of men, leaders of the world.

And at last let us determine that, whatever sorrow others may cause to her, whatever others may do to bring reproach to her door, the old Latin School shall never have cause to blush for shame for one member of the class of '93.

RUFUS W. SPRAGUE, JR.

#### HOW CONSTANCY RAN THE ICEBERG HANDICAP.

It is the end of a day in fall. The sun has just gone down behind a little copse of trees, and only a saffron band of sky marks its setting-place. Elsewhere the heavens have a cold, brilliant, blue coloring relieved only by the three stars in Orion's belt that twinkle brightly in the crisp and frosty air. The bare branches of the trees form fantastic figures against the yellow sky and the slender twigs interlace each other at once so delicately and sharply, that every living thing from running shrub to knotted oak is adorned with an exquisite softness.

In the blue and gathering dusk two figures stand near what seems to be the ell of an old colonial house. One of the figures is that of a young man whose name is Harry Stearns, the other is that of a girl whose name is Mildred Gamwell; as for that ell, it is nothing but a stable of the well-known horse-dealer, Gamwell, the girl's father. After the two stand talking for a while, Mildred Gamwell goes to a stable-door and calls out "Constancy," "Constancy."

In response to her call the head, neck, and blanketed shoulders of a horse appear at the door of a box-stall. Both man and girl approach the stall, and the former speaks.

"Doesn't she look in splendid trim, Mildred? How wide the space is between her eyes, a

sure sign of good sense and endurance; and what a fine mouth she's got; she surely will be able to breathe well with such a mouth.

"Yes," replied Mildred with a bright flush on her cheeks, "and as for riding I will trust my brother to get every inch of speed out of the filly. Why, you should have seen him ride her to-day. He rose up in the stirrups, his hands upon the reins right near her nose and away they flew, quietly and prettily, but with a perfect burst of speed."

"And have you decided what the colors are to be, Mildred?"

"They are to be yellow and white, the colors of the first flowers you gave me, you know, arranged in bars; for don't you remember that it was at the bars of the old pasture that we first met, Harry, about a year ago? It was on just such an evening as this."

"Can I ever forget? Our whole future happiness rests upon this race, I have bet my eight hundred dollars that I have saved all my life with so much care: your father will be ruined if the filly doesn't win, we can never marry, and then again to think that so much happiness can be gained, so much misery averted in the small space of less than a hundred seconds."

"Yes, Harry, I know it and I can hardly but tremble sometimes to think of the outcome."

"Do you know, Mildred," continued young Stearns, "I believe that with such a fine animal, an experienced trainer, and a clever jockey, the race is a certainty but for one thing. You have named the horse Constancy and I sometimes think that if your constancy shall fail, the horse will never be first under the wire. And where then will be your, brother, and all that you hold dear? Ruined for life. O try to be always toward me as unswerving as constancy itself; for if you will not be, it's death and ruin to all."

"I promise to be most faithful; I think too much of you all ever to forget my duty toward the dearest of relations and the kindest of husbands."

And the filly looked at the lovers with amazement in her great black eyes that seemed now almost to burn like coals of fire and now to melt away, so soft and gentle did they become. The moon rose blood red at first: but when in

her mighty journey she caught sight of the two lovers standing now by the pasture bars where they had first met and learned to love each other, the clouds cleared from her face; and not even when she went down behind the little corpse of trees where some few hours ago the sun itself had sunk not even then did the clouds return to veil her face. She sank, reluctant to leave this pretty scene, and her last rays lingered upon the hopeful lover and his pretty charge.

\* \* \* \* \*

The poolroom is crowded to suffocation with seedy sports, most of them wearing faded and dirty spring overcoats, though it is now the heart of winter. At one end of the room rises a large partition behind which, unseen by those in the room, the "bookies" sit with boxes of money before them. At the other end of the room, which one can hardly see through the blue tobacco smoke, there is fixed to the wall a large blackboard on which the entries are posted. When one can succeed in getting through the mass of shouting and swearing men he reads the following table of entries:

4th at Guttenberg, the Iceberg Handicap,  
1m. flat.

| BETTING |       |       | Name and Weight. | Jockey    |
|---------|-------|-------|------------------|-----------|
| To win  | Place | 1-2-3 |                  |           |
| 7-2     | 3     | 8-5   | Suspense, 112    | Leigh     |
| 8       | 3     | 6-5   | La Juive, 116    | McGlone   |
| 2       | 5-9   | —     | *Bullfinch, 104  | Ballard   |
| 28      | 13    | 4     | Constancy, 98    | Gamwell   |
| 3       | 4-5   | —     | Kenilworth, 108  | Brooker   |
| 14      | 6     | 2     | All Spent, 102   | H.Griffin |

\*The favorite to go.

"Make your bets, gentlemen," cries a bookmaker in a corner of the partition, "they're liable to get off at Guttenberg."

Just then a young man with a pale and drawn face rushes in and takes his place among the throng. The air is terribly bad in spite of the whirring of a large motor, built into the wall; the green-shaded electric-lights in front of the blackboard tremble constantly. It is enough to make one's brain reel. The telegraph clicker is heard now and again and the bookmaker cries, "Make your bets now, they



're liable to get off at Gутtenberg." A steady stream of men pour in through a wicket. They make their bets, receiving their checks in return. A bell rings: "thing 's off at the Gut," yelis the "bookie." A silence falls upon the whole crowd. Presently the ticker begins to work. Bullfinch at the quarter, Suspense second,—by a neck,—the bunch is a length away.

Before young Stearn's mind flashed the picture of the race as if he himself were at the track. He could see the wide track, the bright colors of the jockeys, the horses bending around the quarter pole and working for the half. The ticking of the sounder begins again. "Suspense" at the half, La Juive second—by a head—Constancy, third, a length away. There is an exclamation of disgust by some, delight by others, but generally there is a deep silence. The ticker sets to work again. Constancy leads in the stretch—Ill Spent, second—Suspense, third—two lengths away. Young Stearn's heart seemed to burst and there was a tightness around his throat. He could see young Gamwell rising in his stirrups and holding the reins by the filly's mouth, the horse straining every nerve, her ears laid back and her eyes blod-shot, the yellow and white bars of her jockey and over and above all Mildred's face. The silence and his dreams are broken again by the ticker.

"Ill Spent, first—by a head—Constancy, second—Bullfinch, third—three lengths away. A man right beside Stearns almost knocked him down in his eager haste to cash in five dollars. But as for poor Stearns, the back of his head seemed to have two hands clasping around it, the tightness around his throat was suffocating him, his heart seemed trying to break away. "The hussy has killed me," he cried. "I only needed her constancy to win. I am ruined, the hussy has killed me." R. C. '93

NOTES.

A MORE detailed account of '92's banquet, mentioned in our last issue, has now reached us.

The Second Meeting of the Class of '92, B. L. S., was held at the Thorndike, Tuesday, Dec.

27, 1892. The following members were present: J. C. Adams, M. F. Carney, M. B. Evans, W. Farrar, H. M. Fiske, L. A. Freedman, J. Hewins, Jr., H. F. Knight, W. J. O'Malley, H. W. Prescott, C. L. Storrs, J. P. Warren, W. B. Williams, and H. T. Wood. G. L. Graham, A. B. Porter, ex-'92, were present by special invitation.

Officers elected:

*Pres.*, J. C. Adams.

*Vice-pres.*, H. F. Knight.

*Secretary*, J. Hewins, Jr.

*Treasurer*, J. P. Warren.

*Class Historian*, M. F. Carney;

*Orator*, J. Hewins, Jr.;

*Poet*, W. J. O'Malley;

*Toast-master*, M. B. Evans.

An entertaining sketch of old B. L. S. life was read by Mr. Carney. Mr. Warren delivered an excellent poem. Toasts were replied to as follows: "Harvard," Prescott; "Yale," Adams; "B. U.," Evans; "Tech.," Freedman; "Business," Williams; "Amherst," Storrs; "B. L. S.," Farrar.

THE Third Annual Banquet of the Boston School Editors' Club was held at the Copley Square Hotel, Feb. 10, '93. Eight papers were represented, seventeen members being present. Everyone was called on for a few words; but among the more elaborate pieces were Miss A. F. Brown's poem, a very marvel of rhymes; Mr. F. A. Merrill's amusing "Life of a Young Journalist;" and Mr. Angier's short Address. In Mr. A. A. Merrill's "Prophecy," the REGISTER is spoken of as the "Furnace," a compliment that is surely warm enough. A letter was read from Mr. Geo. Santayana, B. L. S. '82, Harvard '86, kindly giving his consent to address the club at its next meeting.

IT is said that the way in which the bunting was draped in the drill-hall on the 21st was the best for some years.

THE Boston teachers gave a reception to school-superintendents from all over the country on the evening of the 21st.

WE WISH such notes as the above were more common. The editors cannot cover all the ground; the reporters are sometimes (to put it mildly) careless; therefore everybody should hand in his notes. This appeal is made all too often; may it not be made again!

MR. JACKSON very kindly drew the "Cartoons" which accompanied the "Prophecy" on the 21st. He had such short notice that it is really a wonder how finely they were executed.

THERE is upon the black-board in Room 18 a crayon-drawing of Athene, which all developed, like a potato, from an "eye." In one of our optical experiments, Mr. Jackson had occasion to draw an eye; and from this beginning the whole picture gradually grew.

A PART of the German Class's sight-work is the editorial columns of *Der Boston Telegraph*.

GREEK translator: "And he threw his *thorax* over his shoulder."

DRAMATIC Greek-sight translator: (giving exact first meaning) "The child shrieked, literally *roared*."

SCHOLAR.—"*Vina fundam calathis*, I will pour wine out of wicker-baskets."

TEACHER.—"That will hardly do."

WIT, under his breath.—"Demijohns, perhaps."

... *Tenui Musam meditaris avena*, "You practise literature on a little oat-meal."

The above is the Scottish translation which the founders of the Edinburgh Review thought would be a fitting memorial of their early struggles against poverty.

*Nunc etiam pecudes umbræ et frigora captant*, "even now are the goats taking cold in the darkness."

*Pressi copia lactis*, "supply of condensed milk."

An old Latin School boy has recently received the following letter from Turkey:

"Madame Veuve Haim B. E. et ses enfants, Madame Veuve Isaac I. E. et ses enfants, Monsieur S. Y. et ses enfants ont la douleur de vous faire part de la perte cruelle qu'ils viennent d'éprouver en la personne de

MONSIEUR HAIM B. E.

leur mari, père, oncle, grand-père, beau-père, et beau-frère, décédé aujourd'hui à 10½ heures a. m., âgé de——"

THE B. L. S. was well represented at the B. A. A. Games, Feb. 11, '93.

P. W. Whittemore, B. L. S. '91, Harvard '95, won second prize in the 40-yard dash for novices.

S. M. MERRILL, B. L. S. '91, Harvard '95, was one of the four successful contestants in the Harvard Yale team race in these games.

F. B. GALLIVAN, B. L. S. '89, Harvard '93, and C. Dreyfus, B. L. S. '91, Harvard '95, are trying for the 'Varsity nine.

#### CLASS POEM.

One summer day I had a waking dream.  
Far rambling down a piny woodland road—  
A path untrodden save by snowy team  
Of steers in winter, dragging barky load—  
Within the deep, cool woods I walked alone.  
I only heard the forest's deep-voiced tone.  
Sweet, drowsy dreams stole o'er me. For the  
way

As cool and quiet as a cloister lay;  
And like a cloister's columns were the trees  
That bore a mystic, medieval frieze  
Of green, all grounded in with tiles of blue;  
The furry branches, lacing, hid the view  
Of worldly men. A mossy ledge rose high  
Just by the leafy road. And only I,  
Before my altar with its cloth of pine,  
Stood holy abbot of this sylvan shrine.

I heard the piny carpet rustle. Lo!  
A stranger, walking, with the glow of youth,  
Like splendid Phœbus of the silver bow,  
But with deep eyes of living, speaking truth,  
Like Pallas with her knowledge-probing spear.  
With stately, swinging steps, soon came he  
near.

He held a worn, old, calf-bound, dog's-eared  
book,

Whose quaint, gilt title caught my fleeting look  
And kept it for a moment. For I read  
These words, *Haec Studia*. And then I said,  
As dim ideas darted through my head,  
"Who are you, Sir, and have the cool woods  
led

You rambling down these aisles? I've heard  
before

That words like those upon your book, of yore  
Have nourished youth and even pleased old  
age!

There's something better sometimes than the  
rage

For ancient learning. And I clearly see  
That piny woods better with you agree  
Than eye-bedimming study."

O'er his face

A smile was passing as a skater glides  
O'er ice. His manliness, his easy grace  
Quite won me to him. And there still abides  
With me a touch of his strong magnetism.  
For, like the sunlight passing thro' a prism,  
His shining parts shone clearer thro' his eyes.  
And like a gentle breeze that softly sighs  
Among the branches, higher mounts and tosses  
Down twigs and leaves upon half-buried mosses  
Then falls again and only murmurs low,—

Like this his voice was, and as clear. Said he,  
"Ah! yes, this road is my cool Portico  
Down which I walk and think. Yes, I agree,  
The sky is better than the blank, white ceiling  
For nature's hidden mystery revealing.

A fine-embroidered carpet is a mass  
Of glaring blur, besides the waving grass.  
Not all can see the sermons in the stones,  
However, rather stand like stones themselves;  
The one who knows is he who seeks the bones  
Of history, among her fossils delves."

"In this quaint-titled book, then, I suppose,  
The treasured wealth of ages you enclose?"

"In one sense, yes:" he said, "this book of  
mine

Upon its page contains a famous line  
Of soldiers, scholars, teachers, and divines;  
Men who have made their mark in various lines.  
This is the ever-length'ning list that I  
Have guarded as the long years have rolled by.  
Men call me 'genius of the Latin School;'  
For I was born and bred beneath the rule  
Of strait-laced Puritans. My father was  
The Type of Puritan, who made those laws  
Concerning public schools that are the pride  
Of our republic. He gave me the keys  
Of this our School, the pioneer and guide  
Of learning. Thus, from creeping on its knees,  
I've watched it grow into a shining prime.  
And so, as each class files away through time,  
I write upon a page each class's seed.  
Each class's harvest." Said I, "Ah!, please  
read

To me about the Class of Ninety-Three!  
How interesting that would be to me!"

The bursting bud presages bloom to come.  
So too, his lips did promise prophecy.  
But, swinging like a mighty pendulum,  
And stalking down the piny road, saw we  
A stooping figure, gaunt, gap-toothed, and old.  
And like a cannon-ball along he bowled  
And swung a long, sharp scythe. The dream's  
light tread

I heard fast flying down the road. I said,  
"O mad old man, you've robbed me of my  
fate!

Who are you that thus dare to break the spell?"  
He spoke, long loping at the same swift rate:  
"I'm Father Time, and Time will always tell."

E. E. SOUTHARD, '93.

## A TRIP TO GENOA.

(CONTINUED FROM THE DECEMBER NUMBER).

THE ceilings of the rooms in these palaces  
were covered with frescos representing cherubs,  
bunches of flowers, etc. The floors were either  
of marble or of mosaic representing intricate  
carpet-like designs. Handsome mahogany furni-  
ture, upholstered in velvet or plush, as well  
as stiff-backed, dull-hued chairs, abounded.  
In one room there was a sedan-chair such as

was used by ladies in the seventeenth century. In the same room was a beautiful mosaic of a tiger, so well made that at a little distance it looked like an oil-painting. In one room were portraits of the family done by Raphael and others of the old masters. An old and noble family inhabited each of these palaces, and it was only through their kindness that people were allowed to go through the rooms. It would take a long time to describe the almost endless succession of rooms into which we passed, each full of objects of interest, and to tell of the beautiful, shady, little garden at the back surrounded by high walls and watered by a trickling fountain. I will pass on to the "Annunciato" church.

This church was handsome outside, but when we entered we were immediately struck by the elaborateness of its decorations. The walls and ceiling were handsomely gilded and frescoed, and the great oak beams were carved in beautiful designs. In a room at the back of the church, our guide showed us a beautiful group, skilfully carved of wood and painted, representing the Descent from the Cross.

As we were returning to the ship after our long day of sight-seeing, we heard some wild martial music, and soon there appeared a column of soldiers in a sort of Zouave uniform marching with a very rapid swinging step. The fact that the brass band which headed the column was equipped like all the other soldiers (even so far as to carrying guns), and the plainness of the uniforms showed that this regiment was intended for business and not for show. We learned that this was the famous Bersagliéri Regiment, the fastest-marching body of troops in Europe.

That night about 7.50 we steamed quietly from Genoa. After watching the coast fade from sight, we retired to rest, worn out with sight-seeing. D., '93.

(Concluded).

#### ACROSS ASIA ON BICYCLES.

THE cushion-tired safety has at last accomplished the journey across Asia, a feat which Thomas Stevens and the reliable old Standard Colum-

bia failed to do. The successful bicyclists are Thomas G. Allen and W. L. Sachtleben, both of St. Louis.

In June, 1890 these two young men graduated from Washington University in St. Louis, and shortly after started from New York for a bicycle trip in Europe. After riding about 1500 miles in the British Isles they decided to attempt the circuit of the world. From this point it will be interesting to trace their course on the map.

Crossing the English Channel to Dieppe they rode through Normandy to Paris. Here they decided to make the tour of Spain, but owing to the prevalence of cholera in the south, were obliged to turn aside at Bordeaux and make their way to Marseilles. Entering Italy by the Riviera route, they rode to Brindisi, whence they crossed by steamboat to Athens. Here they received their new cushion-tired safeties, which were to serve them so well during the long and trying Asiatic journey.

They next proceeded by steamer to Constantinople. After crossing the Bosphorus the real difficulties of their journey began. During the journey through Asia Minor to Erzeroum, Bayasid, and Mount Ararat, 'they were frequently called upon to give an exhibition before men who were not inclined to take a refusal, and who wore a rather commanding number of revolvers and general lethal weapons.' At Teheran they waited six weeks for Russian passes, but found eventually that they could not get them and must push on with the risk of being stopped or passed on from one official to another. So they journeyed to Tashkend, where, by means of telegrams to the U. S. Minister at St. Petersburg, they were furnished with passes which would take them through Russian territory to Vladivostock.

As it was now winter (last winter) the travellers were obliged to remain seven months in Tashkend. In May, 1892, they started northward to make their entire journey through Russian territory. On reaching Vernoe, however, they were informed that it was quite practicable to traverse the Chinese Empire; so, equipped with very fine passes from the Chinese Minister at London they crossed the border into Kuldja. In spite of the excellence of



these passes, the officials could not guarantee safety. However they promised to do the best they could, so on pushed the intrepid travellers. The crowds which constantly attended them were so great that sometimes they were provided with an escort of soldiers, although the latter were so slow that generally the cyclists went on alone.

Their route across China to Peking lay as follows: through Urumtsi, Hami, the Desert of Gobi (a twelve days' ride), to Suhchau at the western end of the Great Wall. From this place they journeyed through Lanchow, Singan, Pingyan, Taiyuan, and Paoting Fu, arriving at Peking about Nov. 1st.

A Shanghai paper, the North-China Daily News, describes their appearance on their arrival at Peking as follows:—"They wore felt Mohammedan-shaped hats (which by the way had earned them the reputation of faithful followers of the Prophet in some places); had bare legs, with the exception of just above the ankle; and, their shoes having long before given out, they had had to resort to Chinese sandals."

In graphic terms these two young men described to their hospitable entertainers, the Europeans at Peking, their long journey through the Chinese Empire. They were constantly attended by crowds, fairly good-humored excepting on a few occasions, when a prompt show of resistance with an occasional display of their revolvers was sufficient to overawe their opponents. At Kuldja they caused a good deal of excitement by riding around the city on the wall. At other places they were expected to give exhibitions of riding no matter what the conditions of the ground might be. On arriving at the Desert of Gobi, they were agreeably surprised to find that the ground was very hard and the riding good. One wheel of Mr. Sachtleben's machine, which had been kicked by a mule in Asia Minor, gradually lost its spokes, until the rim finally gave way. Luckily the travellers were almost at Peking when this occurred. This was their only accident.

Leaving Peking the travellers went to Tientsin where they were to take the steamer for Shanghai. Here they had an interesting interview with the Chinese Bismarck, Li Hung-chang

who, after remarking that a "scholar should be courteous to scholars," asked them, "Which country of those you have seen do you think the best?" Of course they replied "America." "Then why do you come to see other countries?", asked the Viceroy. "Because," returned they, "if we had not seen other countries, we should not have known it was the best."

After waiting at Shanghai for their bicycles to be repaired, they took steamer for Japan, where they once more bestrode their machines. When they had made a short tour of the country, they sailed for San Francisco, where they arrived a few weeks ago. Thence they started immediately for a tour through South America.

What a charm there is in a journey like this around the world on bicycles! The opportunities of the wheel are becoming endless. Perhaps some of us in the Boston Latin School may some day try the same thing as these two young Missouriians. Who knows?

AN ASPIRANT.

#### HAZING AT HARVARD.

MANY of the students of the B. L. S. are looking forward with some trepidation to their Freshman year at Harvard. They have heard soul-terrifying accounts of the treatment of audacious Freshmen; and for this reason many parents think it would be better to send their sons to some smaller college. Many of these accounts are false, others have a slight basis of truth, but have been skilfully embellished by the narrators.

There is no precedent in any English university for hazing, and it is difficult to see why the practice should have obtained any footing in an American college. Up to the beginning of the nineteenth century the average age of admission was considerably under fifteen. As this is three years less than the average of the present Freshman class, we can see that the natural exuberance of youth would lead many of the Sophomores to tangle up the Freshmen who were wrestling with the demands of the Cambridge landladies. Other freshmen would appear so conceited that the second-year men would deem it a

duty to repress them. One of the surest ways to court a hazing was to grow a beard. An elderly professor of the college still exhibits with pride a small chair-cushion, stuffed with the whiskers of disobedient Freshmen, which he collected in his Sophomore year!

Such practices as "smoking-out" and instructing a Freshman how to keep his room in disorder are, no doubt, familiar to all. There is one institution, however, that deserves more than a passing word of notice. The "Bloody Monday" night rush is a custom of such long standing that a few words about its origin will not be out of place.

The earliest records of trouble on the Monday after the opening of college, show that the students danced around the "Rebellion tree," making a great noise. The "Rebellion tree" stands near the college pump, and the students used to gather at the tree for all their indignation meetings, which were generally caused by the poor quality of the food served at the college commons. This dancing around the "Rebellion tree" became a regular opening custom, degenerating into a free fight between the Freshmen and the Sophomores. The faculty finally broke up the custom by forbidding students to assemble in the yard. Driven from the quadrangle, the students transferred their fight to the foot-ball field on the Delta where Memorial now stands. "Foot-ball on the Delta" became the opening entertainment for the benefit of the Freshmen, in which the foot-ball disappeared at an early stage of the game, till the Faculty expressly forbade it. On "Bloody Monday" night, however, all classes gathered for a funeral ceremony. Orations were delivered, a foot-ball was buried, and a grand rush took place over the grave.

From that time, a simple rush was substituted for the other divisions, after which the Freshmen were supposed to furnish punches for the delectation of the upper classmen. The backbone of the rush, however, was broken several years ago by a well-laid plan of the Faculty. The rush was forbidden, but in spite of this rule, large numbers of men turned out and rushed. In the midst of the excitement, a party of proctors made a flank movement on the participants and captured many of the leading men of each

class. Then the Faculty offered the alternative of expulsion for those men or an agreement to give up the rush. The latter course was chosen and since then the rushing has been confined to Freshmen and Cambridge "Muckers."

Last "Bloody Monday" was no exception to the rule. The Class of '96 marched around the yard, encountering almost no opposition as the "muckers" were carefully excluded by Faculty orders, while such Sophomores as were present confined their energies to stealing hats and caps from the Freshmen.

Hazing as existing at present, consists chiefly in stuffing the new man with "fairy tales" and in misdirecting him. This is only practiced on particularly green specimens that show themselves around Cambridge. Another favorite method is to organize a party of Sophomores to call on a Freshman, while his parents are visiting him and invite him to box, play poker, or have a pipe. Such occurrences are growing less frequent and within a few years will be entirely unknown.

E. A. P., B. L. S. '90, H. '94.

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